

#### NUMBER 346

**CLUB Magazine** 

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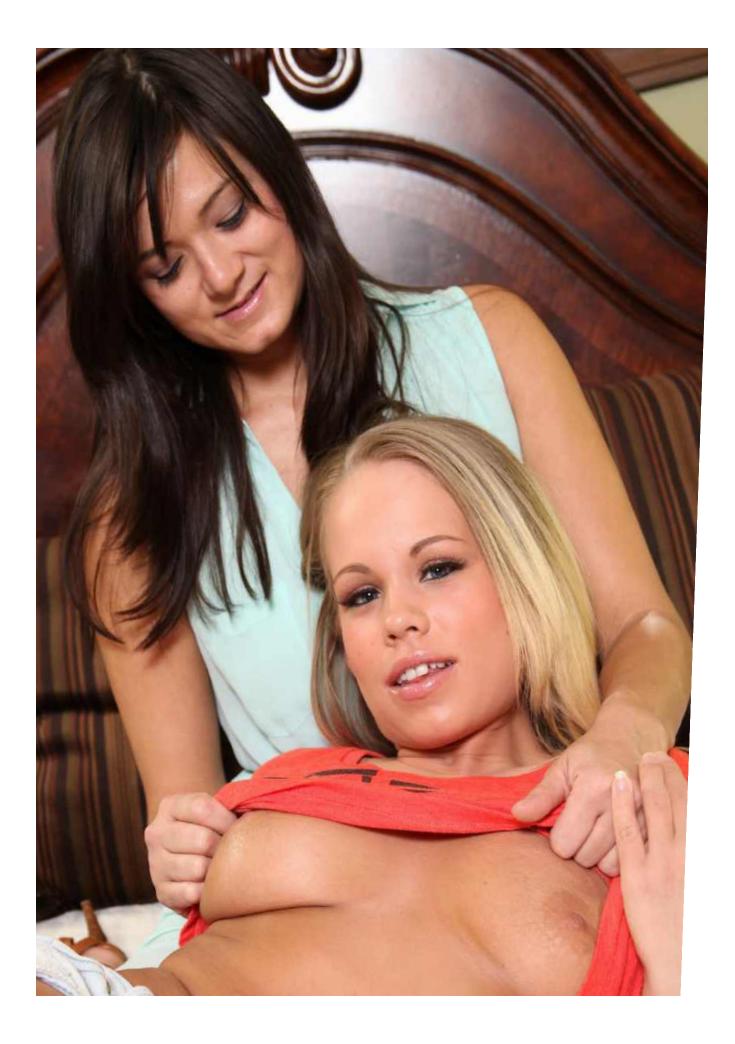














How often do two horny and beautiful women cum together? As often as we find them and can publish them on our pages. And these two really fit the bill. We really like to see the sensuous juxtaposition of blondes and brunettes sharing sexy intimate moments – and then are willing to share them with us. .



































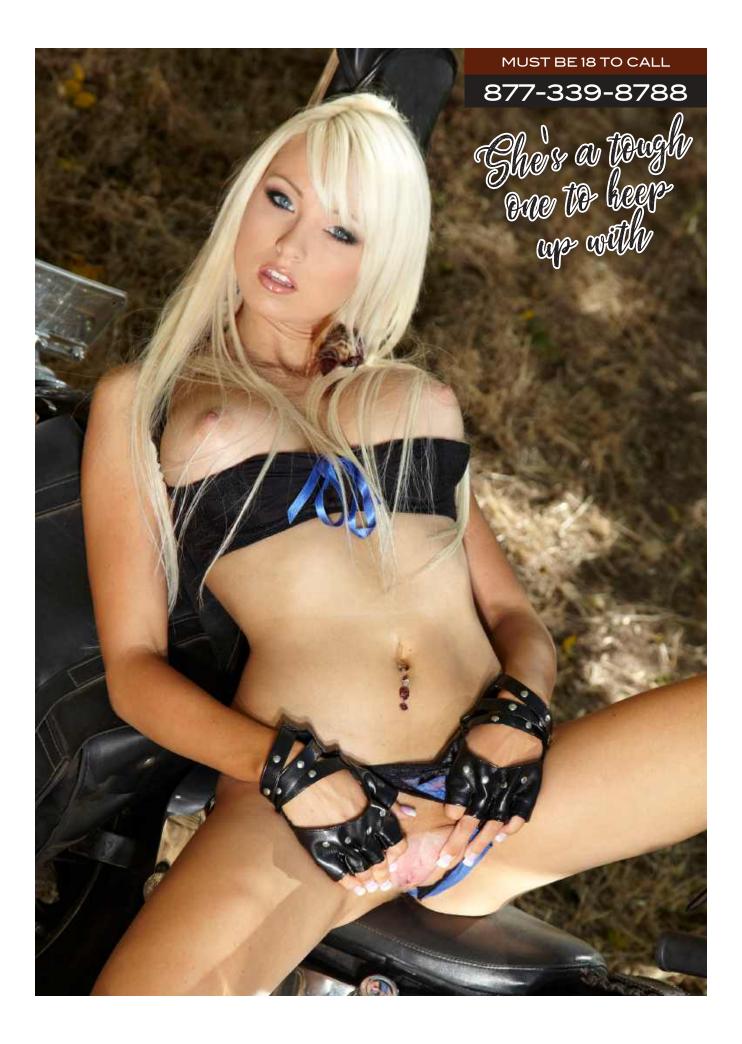


We met Rikki out in the middle of the woods and asked her what is the one sex toy she can't live without? "My motorcycle." she replies. She rides it like a gas-powered vibrator humming between Rikki's creamy thighs, and wherever the road takes her. "Riding makes me so horny," the platinum blonde explains. "I end up fucking a lot of bikers because I get so horny on my bike. I fuck a lot of musicians, cops and hot dog vendors, too...I fuck a lot."















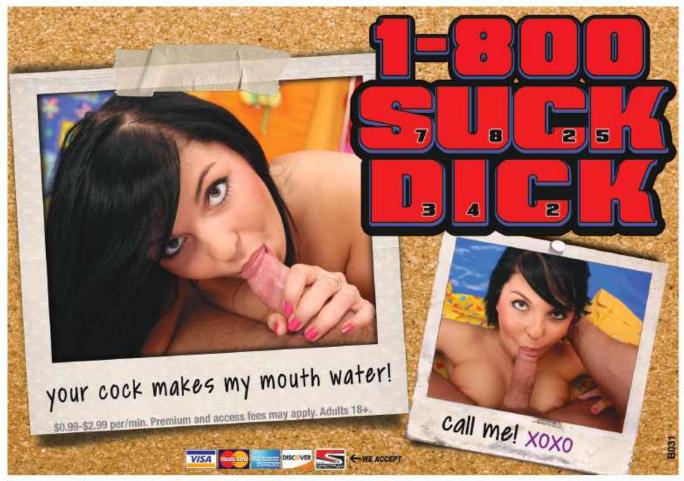






















## HIT IT AND QUIT IT

My phone had been ringing all afternoon, a constant reminder of the job I had quit just that morning.

Well, perhaps "quit" wasn't quite accurate. I had walked out without saying a word to anybody. Now, of course, my boss wanted an explanation, wanted to know what in the hell was going on, wanted to know if I was okay and/or if I intended to come back tomorrow.

Or maybe I was giving Nancy too much credit. She might have been trying to reach me to tell me that I was fired. Afterall, I had bailed out in the middle of a shift. This, I knew from reading the employee handbook, was grounds for immediate dismissal.

I finally turned the damned thing off, rendering my device a silent piece of plastic. Should've done this hours ago, but a part of me liked to hear my boss squirm, liked to imagine her in a state of panic as she desperately tried to contact me.

Hell, I was Nancy's most valuable employee. She knew it. And I knew it. As for my coworkers—well, that was an entirely different story. Lazy. Incompetent. Stupid. They had made my work life a living hell. I had spent most of my time at the office cleaning up their boneheaded mistakes, doing their jobs as well as mine. I had shared this with Nancy on numerous occasions, but she had failed to rectify the problem.

This morning had been the final straw. My patience at its end, I had walked right out of there without the slightest hesitation. Adios, assholes!

Presently I stretched out on the sofa for some shuteye. I sure needed some; it had been ages since I had taken a proper nap. Unfortunately, sleep did not come easily. I tossed and turned, my troubled mind refusing to shut down.

The stark reality of my situation hit hard. I was unemployed. Jobless. No income whatsoever. Sure,



I had enough in my savings account to sustain me for a few months. But after that? My future was uncertain . . .

I began to question this morning's hasty exit. Had I overreacted? Been too impulsive? Perhaps I should call Nancy, apologize, and tell her that I wanted to come back. She wouldn't want to lose me. She would, in all likelihood, welcome me back with open arms. Good help, as the saying goes, is hard to find.

Still, I found it impossible to make the call. My coworkers, I thought with disdain. I never wanted to see those jerks again, let alone work alongside them. I had had my fill of those lousy fuckers.

I drove to the corner store and bought a six pack of beer. I spent the next few hours in a pleasantly buzzed state. Sleep came after my fifth beer. I nodded off on the sofa, awakening at four in the afternoon with a painful erection.

I thought about jerking off, then rejected this idea in favor of something much better. I fired up my laptop and went to my preferred escort site. A celebration was in order. I had finally quit my miserable job. Fucking some whore would be the icing on the cake. A foolish expense, perhaps, given my lack of income; but I didn't care. I deserved a little fun. And I would find another job soon enough.

"Sexy Sonia" picked up on the third ring. She



wasn't too keen on an outcall, but I put her mind at ease, assuring her that I was no cop as I convinced her to come to my place. Her one-hundred-and-eighty-dollar donation seemed fair. If, that is, the pics with her ad were accurate and recent. No stranger to the bait and switch, I had been duped by escorts before.

Thankfully, Sonia had been on the level. She arrived at my apartment just shy of five, looking hotter than ever in a pink party dress which went well with her rayen black hair.

"First things first," she said to me after entering my apartment.

I had driven to the nearest ATM machine after talking to her on the phone. She counted the crisp bills, nodded approvingly, and stowed them in her purse. I offered her my last beer, but she declined.

"I didn't come here to drink," she told me with an impish grin.

"I guess not," I replied.

"Come on," Sonia said. "Don't be shy, baby. Show me that cock . . . "

Standing there in my tiny kitchenette, I unzipped my chinos and freed my junk. Sonia licked her lips hungrily and knelt before me.

She gave great head, some of the best I had ever had, employing her talented tongue in a variety of wonderful ways. Having basted my shaft and ball bag in equal measure, she proceeded to suck me in earnest. Pumping her head, gradually increasing speed, she moaned around my member.

I leaned against the countertop, my stressful day all but forgotten as she lowered the top of her dress. Sonia hadn't worn a bra; her firm, smallish tits popped free of the party dress. I groaned appre-

I peeled them from her legs and tossed them on the floor. Sonia spread her white thighs, granting me a nice gander of her shaved cunt. My heart hammering with anticipation...

ciatively, prompting Sonia to pump her head faster and harder as she raised her hands and fondled her tits.

I was near the brink when she withdrew her mouth from my crotch and told me that her pussy was wet, told me that she was dying to have my big hard cock inside her. She rose from the floor and headed to my bedroom. I stopped her and gestured to the sofa.

Sonia was all for it. She lay on the sagging cushions upon which I had spent the afternoon drinking beer and raised the ruffled hem of her dress.

My pulse quickened at the sight of her yellow cotton panties. I peeled them from her legs and tossed them on the floor. Sonia spread her white thighs, granting me a nice gander of her shaved cunt. My heart hammering with anticipation, I moved on top of her and guided my swollen glans to the moist opening—

--Knock-Knock-Knock.

Shit! Somebody was at the door!

"Fuck." Sonia shook her head disbelievingly. "That scared the shit out of me."

"You and me both," I replied.

The uninvited visitor knocked again, louder this time.

"Who in the hell—" I pulled up my pants as I rose

from the sofa.

I pressed my eye to the peephole. Nancy stood on the landing. Talk about rotten timing! Undoubtably, my boss had come straight from work. She wanted an explanation, of course. And she knew I was here. My car was parked right outside.

"Sonia," I said in a lowered voice, "go to my bedroom and close the door. This'll only take a minute



or two . . ."

She seemed annoyed at the delay. Time is money, especially in her line of work. Still, she complied with my instructions, sequestering herself in my bedroom before I opened the front door.

Nancy looked more concerned than pissed. "Mike," she began, "are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

"Can I come in?"

"If you came to change my mind—well, you might as well save your breath. I'm done, Nancy. I've had enough. I'm not coming back—"

"Can we at least talk about it? You know I hate to lose you, Mike. Surely, we can work something out."

My cock was harder than a police baton. I thought about poor Sonia trapped in my bedroom. I wondered if Nancy could see the huge bulge in my pants.

"There's really nothing more to say," I replied.

"Please?"

I sighed wearily. "If you insist."

Nancy crossed the threshold. I closed the door behind her, gesturing, for the second time that day, to the sofa. My boss sat down and crossed her legs.

I pressed my eye to the peephole. Nancy stood on the landing. Talk about rotten timing! Undoubtably, my boss had come straight from work.

She had nice legs. Her conservative business attire—white blouse, charcoal skirt, black pumps—made Sonia's dress look tawdry and cheap and juvenile.

"Can I get you something to drink?"

"I'm fine," Nancy said, wasting little time before getting down to brass tacks. "I don't want you to leave, Mike . . . and I'm—well, I'm prepared to do whatever it takes to keep you . . ."

I had yet to take a seat, opting to remain standing with hopes of hastening my boss's departure. But Nancy had no intention of leaving. Not soon, anyway. This I learned when her brown eyes met the front of my pants and she smiled naughtily.

"Did I interrupt something, Mike? Or are you just happy to see me?"

Heat flooded my face. My boss probably thought that I had been jerking off when she knocked on the door.

"Look, Nancy, I hate to be rude but—"

"Will you come back," she interrupted me, "if I suck your cock?"

Mine was a case of thinking with my dick. One blowjob was hardly worth returning to a job I hated. But Nancy was a hot brunette MILF. And Sonia had primed me good and proper. My stiff cock was in dire need of further attention.

Having gotten over the initial shock of my boss's bold offer, I said, "I believe so, Nancy . . ."

She unbuttoned her blouse and removed her







front closure bra. The bra was black, clashing alluringly with her pale skin. Still, it looked so much better on my floor. Nancy's tits were considerably bigger than Sonia's, her half-dollar sized areolas partially concealed behind the unbuttoned blouse which hung loosely on her frame.



I stood before her, letting my boss liberate my throbbing prick. She lifted the shaft, varnishing its underside with her tongue. Then she went down and licked my nuts. Towering above her, my gaze oscillating between the tops of her stellar tits and her hungry mouth on my cock, I realized that Sonia had left her purse on the kitchenette counter . . .

Nancy hadn't said a word about it. Had she seen the thing but chosen to remain silent? Or had she failed to notice that yours truly, one of her male employees, was in possession of a woman's bag?

I had no idea, nor did I particularly care, especially when my boss nestled my dick between her sizable jugs. She squeezed them together, clenching my erection, then proceeded to move them up and down, fucking me with her tits. Her cleavage was soft and warm. The friction was marvelous. My cock responded, getting harder and harder as she pumped her peaks frenziedly . . .

"Oh, yeah, Mike . . . that's it . . . come for me, baby . . . shoot that big load all over—"

I cried out loudly. Cum jetted from my glans. By the time my orgasm had subsided Nancy's neck and chin dripped with ball sauce.

Having cleaned up with a tissue from her purse, my boss put on her bra and buttoned her blouse. I hated to see those tits of hers go back into hiding.

# I had no idea, nor did I particularly care, especially when my boss nestled my dick between her sizable jugs.

She laughed when I told her this. "Come back to work," she told me, "and you'll definitely see them again."

"Promise?"

"Cross my heart," she replied.

Nancy left my apartment, though not before inquiring about the purse on the kitchenette counter. "I didn't know you had a girlfriend . . ."

I shrugged. "We just met. It's nothing serious. She's at the gym."

Nancy seemed to buy my story. As soon as she left my apartment, I opened the bedroom door to check on Sonia. She lay on my bed, her dress pulled up above her slender hips, her legs splayed, three fingers crammed inside her twat.

"That was so hot," she said. "Listening to you get it on in the other room."

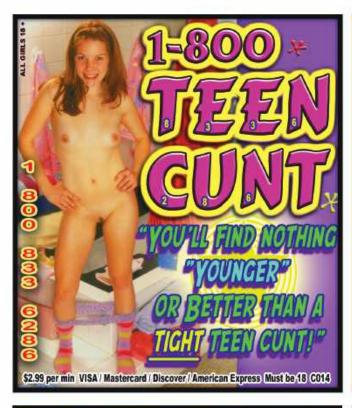
"I'm glad you liked it."

I didn't think I would be able to get hard so soon after blowing my wad all over Nancy. Boy was I wrong! Watching Sonia play with herself stiffened my dick in no time. I moved on top of her. There would be no interruption this time. I boned her hard, thrusting repeatedly until I pulled out and nutted on her face.

As Sonia was leaving, she regarded me curiously. "I know it's none of my business, but I heard every word. Did you tell the truth? Are you really going back to work?"

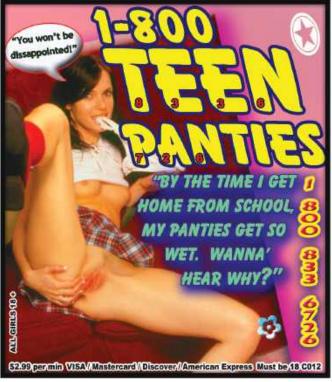
"Maybe," I said. "I'll have to sleep on it."

And I did. I slept till noon. And never worked another day at that miserable place!



















I promised Kyle that if he came over today and helped me with my chores, he would get a great dinner. Well, he didn't want dinner. He wanted a blow job. He told me that he had heard I was quite good at it. I blushed the same color as my lingerie. When I finished, he wanted to fuck me... another great compliment.





















































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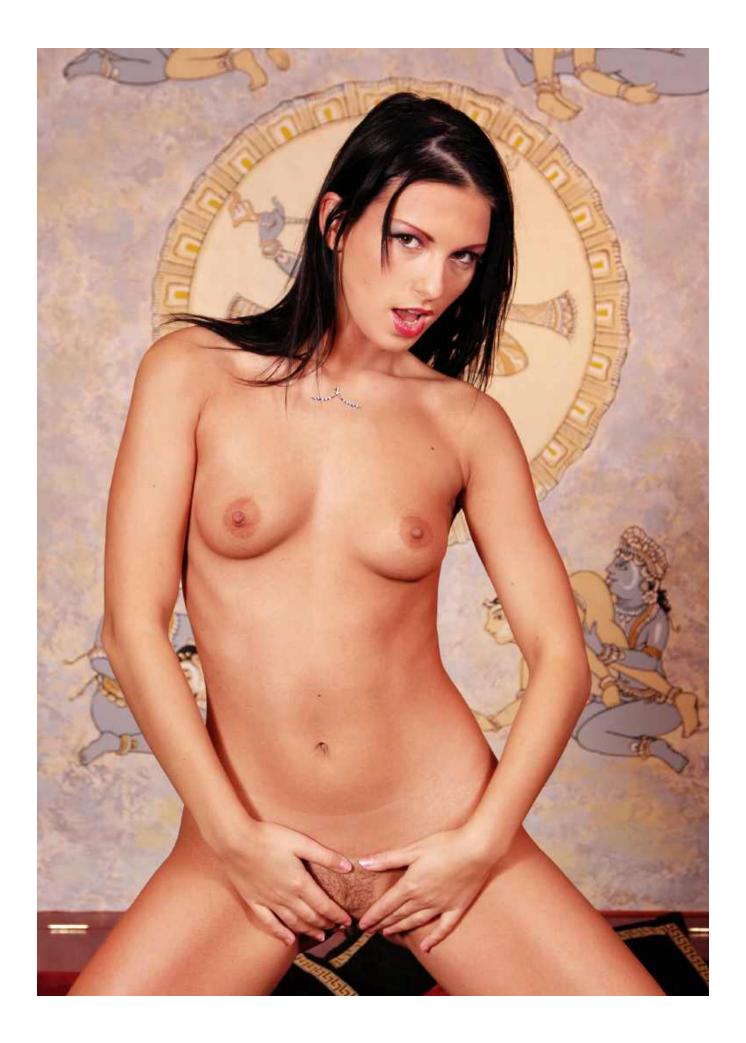


















# VISIT SKINMAGZ.COM/40 VIEW MORE THAN 10 YEARS OF OUR DIGITAL MAGAZINES





Lying there beside my snoring husband, I had known that my scheme hinged on Jacques not having an extra mask on hand.

"Oh, shit." I said to my husband. "You're not going to believe this."

"What's wrong?"

"I forgot my mask."

Miles searched my face. He was waiting for the punchline. His would be a long wait.

"You're kidding, right? Please tell me you're kidding, Lois."

"I'm afraid not. I must've left it at the hotel."

Miles looked imploringly at Jacques. "Do you have an extra?"

Standing beside the wheel of his boat, the brim of his ballcap riding low, his eyes concealed behind mirrored sunglasses, Jacques shook his head. "Sorry."

Miles lost it. And with good reason. We had been looking forward to this dive for months. The blue Caribbean water, sun-kissed and calm, beckoned.

Now this debacle . . .

Looks like you'll have to go without me," I said. "It sucks, sure, but I have nobody to blame but myself."

I didn't exactly have to twist my husband's arm. This date had been circled on his calendar for almost a year. He wasn't about to forgo today's dive. Still, he regarded me rather guiltily.

"We'll go one at a time," he said. "You can use my mask once I'm through. Unless you'd rather go first——"

"You go first," I told him. "And take your time, sweetie. Don't rush on my account. Enjoy yourself. We've got all day . . ."

Miles was under water some ten seconds when I turned toward Jaques and smiled. "Now we have the boat all to ourselves."

He regarded me with a bewildered expression.

"I forgot my mask on purpose." I bit my lower lip seductively. "Can you blame me?" My gaze roved to the bulge in his tight-fitting swim trunks. "They say French men make the best lovers. Is that true, Jacques? I'm dying to find out . . ."

It had been lust at first sight. After registering at the hotel, Miles and I had walked to the nearest marina in search of a charter. Jacques had offered the cheapest rate, so we had hired him. I had remained mostly silent during the brief negotiation, my mind teeming with all manner of dirty fantasies involving the handsome islander. The plan had taken shape last night after a lackluster lovemaking session with Miles. Lying there beside my snoring husband, I had known that my scheme hinged on Jacques not having an extra mask on hand.

I had rolled the dice.

And won.

Now it was time to make those dirty fantasies a













reality . . .

Jacques was all for it. Leaving his cap and sunglasses intact, he lowered his swim trunks and proffered his enormous prick.

I removed my bikini top. A tropical breeze tickled my nipples. My pussy was wet even before I knelt and devoured the Frenchman. He filled my entire mouth. I sucked him sloppily, shellacking his cock and balls in equal measure. The anchored boat swayed pleasantly, its movement unobtrusive and lulling, almost hypnotic. This, I thought, is the ultimate vacation, the



grandest of all summer getaways.

"My turn," Jacques said suddenly. "Madam likes to dive, yes? Well, that makes two of us."

Of course, I knew exactly what kind of diving he was referring to. Rising from my kneeling position, I untied my bikini bottom and let it drop to the floor of the boat. Jaques whistled appreciatively, his eyes aflame with desire.

Moments later I lay on a comfy sofa in the small cabin, my legs spread wide to accommodate Jacques' questing tongue. I writhed beneath him, writhed and panted, my heart beating crazily as he brought me to the brink of orgasm.

"Not yet," he soothed, grabbing me by the waist with both hands and flipping me over.

I assumed the position, lifting my ass for a good and proper doggy throttling. Jaques surpassed my expectations. He fucked me with a relentless pounding motion. I moaned and groaned, loving every rigid inch.

It was true! French men are fantastic lovers! The best!

I experienced the strongest orgasm of my life; this seconds before he pulled out and told me to turn around. He leaned over me and exploded. Jaques grunted loudly. His cock spasmed violently, pulsing and spitting hot seed all over my tits.

By the time Miles surfaced Jaques and I were both dressed and engaging in idle chitchat. My husband was excited. He had had the dive of his life.

"It's amazing down there," he told me, unburdening himself of the oxygen tank on his back. "You're in for a real treat, honey."

He handed me his mask. I donned my gear, checked it twice for safety's sake, then plunged into the water.

Miles was right. It was amazing. Stunningly beautiful. Unfortunately, I had to cut my dive short. I was utterly exhausted.

Jaques had worn me out!

– Bernard, Kansas City, KS

## SOCCER SLUT

It was a plum gig.

My official title was "Men's Assistant Soccer Coach." In reality, I was little more than a glorified water boy.

Well, make that water girl . . .

I was in graduate school, attending classes in the morning and "coaching" in the afternoon. Some days, if my last class ended early, I would swing by the

Head Coach's office to see if he needed me to do anything in preparation for practice. These visits invariably resulted in me going to the field to set up orange cones for whatever cockamamie training drill he had dreamed up.

Thomas wasn't much of a coach. And our losing record certainly reflected this. I couldn't have cared less . . .

I had no desire to follow in his footsteps. The job was simply a way to make some extra money until I graduated. I have no idea why Thomas had picked me for the position. Female coaches, even assistants, were rarely seen in the men's game. Then again, he was known for thinking outside the box . . .

This was most evident when it came to those cockamamie training drills of his. I have no idea where he came up with this stuff, but it sure as hell wasn't working. Still, it wasn't my place to question his methods.

I didn't say a word when he sketched his latest clusterfuck on a sheet of yellow legal paper and dispatched me to the soccer field.







"Get everything set up," he told me. "I should be down there in about an hour and a half . . ."

I suppressed a smile. It would take me fifteen, twenty minutes tops, to arrange the cones. This would leave me plenty of time to don my swimsuit, puff a little dope, and catch some rays prior to practice.

Plum gig, indeed!

Having stopped off at my on-campus apartment to grab my suit and roll a jay, I rode my mountain bike to the soccer field. It was a gorgeous day. Sunny and warm. Perfect . . .

I placed the cones according to Thomas's diagram, ducked into the equipment shed to change clothes, then stretched out on the bleachers with my spliff. The field was secluded, ideal for getting high and laying out without the threat of intrusion.

Or so it seemed . . .

Blazed and basking in the sun, I was taken aback by the arrival of Peter and Rod. Peter was the starting goalkeeper, Rod his backup.

They had shown up early to stretch and toss the ball around, but my presence, not to mention state of undress, proved a major distraction. They kept looking my way, stealing glances of their assistant coach. I tried to ignore them, tried and failed . . .

It became an exercise in futility. Doubtless they thought I was hot. And I dug them, too.

Emboldened and turned on by the joint I had smoked, I de-

scended the bleachers and, posing provocatively on the sideline, asked Peter and Rod if they could help me lift something heavy in the equipment shed. They jumped at the opportunity, of course. By the time they entered the shed I had already removed my bikini top.

If you could have seen the look on their faces! Priceless!

Eyes concealed behind fashionable sunglasses, my firm tits on full display, I reclined on a large net bag filled with practice jerseys. The bag was cushy and soft, the perfect little bed for our tryst.

I lay there, my legs spread, and said, "I'm so horny, boys. You wouldn't believe how wet I am . . ."

Being the starting goalkeeper, Peter got first crack at my cunny. He dropped his satiny shorts. Then he dropped on me, peeling my panties with one hand while guiding his cock with the other. He pushed inside me with a grunt and proceeded to thrust, pounding me with his impressive prick.

Meanwhile, a naked Rod knelt beside my head, waggling his sizable schlong in my face. I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. The backup goalkeeper fed me well, plunging his pecker into my gaping maw. Steadying my head with one hand, he fucked my face as Peter reamed my cunt.

I wrapped my legs around the starting goalkeeper's waist, raised my knees, and dug my fingers into his back. This prompted him to fuck me harder and



faster. Panting crazily, Peter pulled out and popped off on my stomach. His was a hefty load.

Not to be outdone, Rod pushed my legs all the way back, folding me like a taco. Testing the limits of my flexibility, he banged me none too gently before coming on my tits.

Peter and Rod performed poorly at practice that day. They were lethargic, indecisive, slow to react. Thomas was baffled. Of course, I was to blame. Not that I gave a damn. Soccer was just a dumb game.

But my sex life was serious business! man. I walked straight to Brooke's place and told her to go to hell. This was months ago. I'm still tobacco-free. And life without Brook has proved surprisingly easy. Chirsty has been a tremendous help in this regard.

Mine is a classic case of trading one nasty habit for another!

Victoria, Providence, RI



























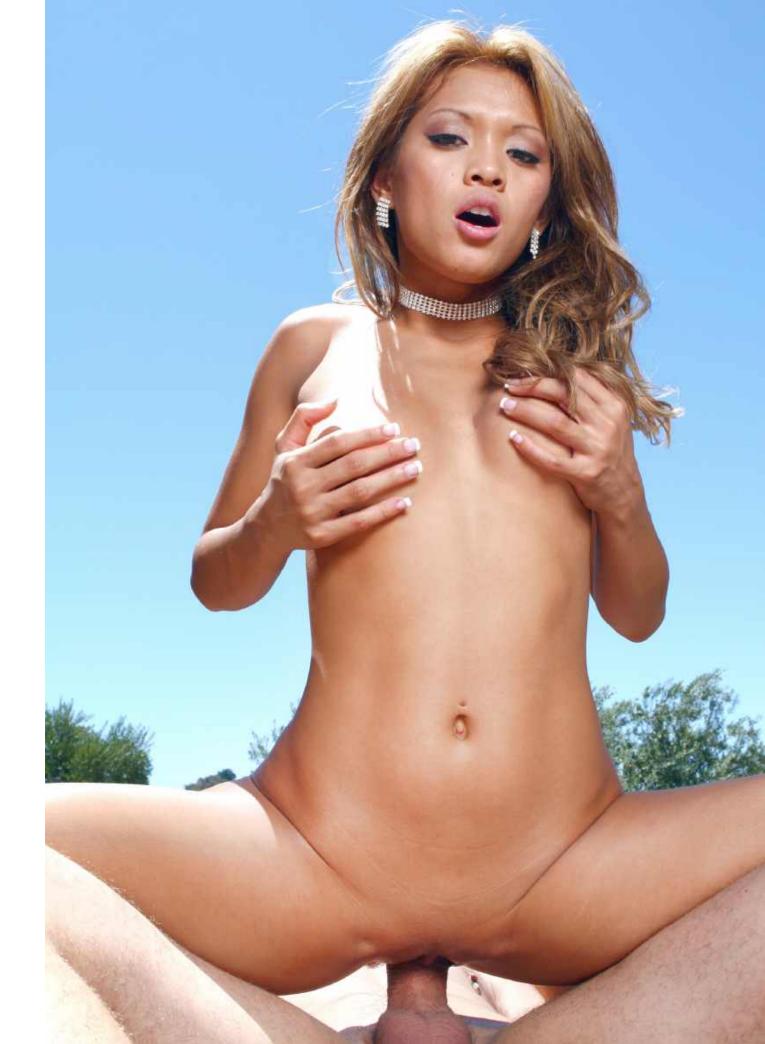
















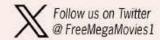








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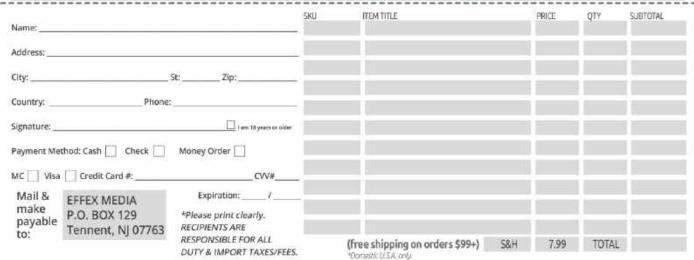
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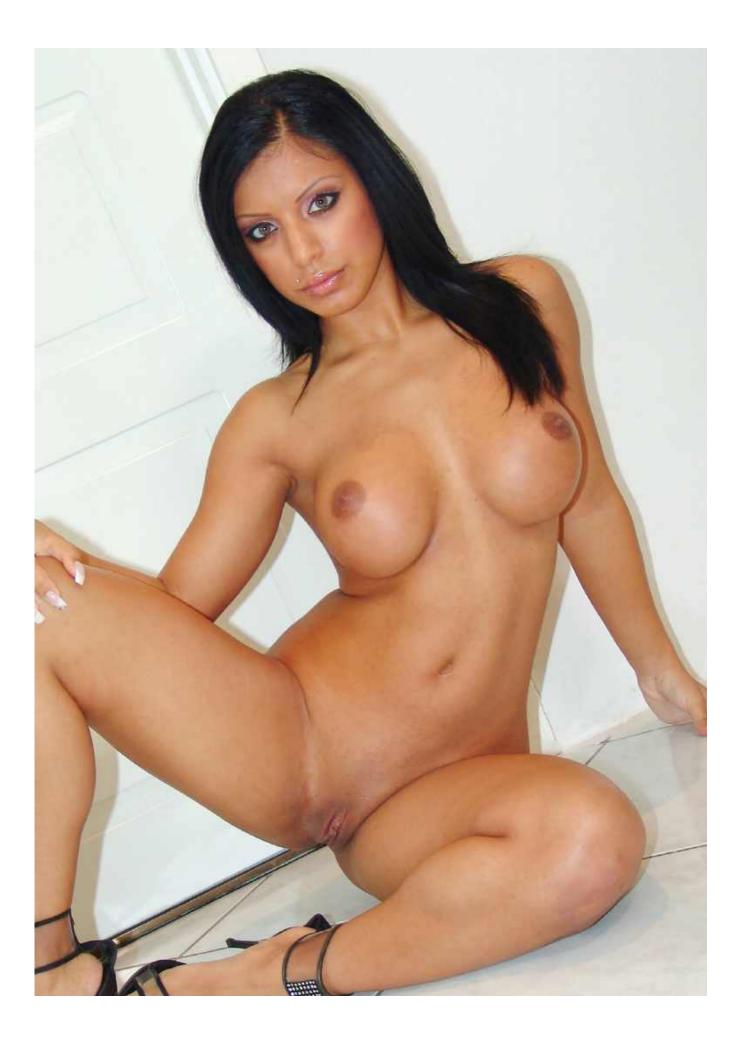




Raven-haired cutie pie Kyra is ripe for the picking. And she got picked by two well-hung and horny guys that just can't wait to get at her. Fortunately, all it takes for her to get hot is the taste of cock in her mouth and the feel of cock in her sweet young pussy and tight ass. What are you waiting for? Turn the page now!





















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